

FIVE ACRES OF RIVER AFIRE.

VESSELS SCRAMBLE AWAY FROM HALF
A MILE OF WATER FRONT

A Standard Oil Pipe Bursts Under Water Between Here and Jersey—Two New York Central Railroad Piers Burned.
The switchmen who went to work yesterday in the big freight yards of the Hudson River Railroad, which extend from the foot of West

street, kept their noses in the air with the bearing of men who smelled something that was disagreeable. The water along the bulkheads between the piers below Seventy-second street was rapidly becoming covered with a scum of petroleum. Beyond casual observations that the Standard Oil Company's pipe line, which enters the Hudson at the Jersey village of Shady Side and runs diagonally down until it enters the railroad yard below Seventy-second street, on its way over to Hunter's Point, had sprung a leak, no attention was paid to the authority of the leak was probably pretty well out in the river, but a gentle west-erly breeze and the last of the obdurate dried-thick oil against the eastern shore, where the waves washed it up on the timbers that form the long bulkhead.

Opposite the foot of Seventieth street was a little island, a sort of strait gate on the river, where the company lands its coal, and about 700 feet further down the first and most important of the company's big freight piers, distinguished by the letter G, runs out 300 feet into the river. In the bay between these two piers the coal gathered thicker than elsewhere.

At the foot of the second pier the coal pierces two loaded and one discharging, and at the bulkhead between the piers were a number of lighters and floats.

Shortly after 10 o'clock the tug C. F. Starbuck

came ploughing the oil and water between the plow, and, trying to the open barge Sydam, the plowman, who was a black man, a very experienced pier, so that a loaded boat could take her berth and discharge. Near the end of the coal pier, the oil propeller of the tug sent the thick mass of oil whirling off in little circles into the clear water beyond. Brakenmen William Devane and his mate, John Devane, were on the pier, watching the evolutions of Capt. Joseph Andrews at the tug's wheel when they heard a shout from the barge. They looked up and saw Andrews, and then one of those little rings of oil, which the tug's propeller had sent whirling into the air, struck the man's hat, circled around his head, and fell upon his face. He was about two feet from the centre. Some one in that neighbourhood was probably red with coal or a pipe of tobacco.

The barge man became frantic right away for fear of the tug's propeller. He saw that the tug drew determined to rescue some other barge and at once headed into the bulkhead against the tug's bow. The tug's propeller was a small one, and a barge loaded with railroad iron, and a barge loaded with coal, were the only barges. Before he could get clear of the bulkhead,

held of all between the piers, the little tugboat, the *Albatross*, which had been drifted back by the wind into the rolling black mass. Even before actual contact, the flames leaped into the air, and the explosion was heard as a puff like the burning of unconfined powder. The flames leaped fifty feet into the air from the point of contact. The tugboat, the *Albatross*, and the lighters disappeared from the view of those on shore as if in a sea of fire, but fortunately the water before the flames could get a good hold on any except the *Sydam*. There was blazing all around it at water level, but the tugboat, the *Albatross*, and the lighters were beyond such washing and were caught on the *Sydam*, which being an oil transport, was soaked with the stuff, and was badly damaged.

Two other vessels, the sloop lighter *Adelin*

And the large barges, remained at the bulkhead, and the smaller tug pushed in through the narrow gap between the big barge and the pier. The tug was loaded with bags of fertilizer, and soon towed them away. The cargo of fertilizers in bags on the Adeline was probably ruined.

Just as the men on shore had enough to occupy their attention without stopping to look out at the vessels. The thick oil had been splashing up around both the coal pier and the freight pier. Almost before the men knew where they had happened, the piles that formed both piers were roaring with flames, that was pouring up through the crevices of the planks. On the freight pier, a structure 300 by 60 feet, with corrugated iron-covered, two-story shed, were the piles of lumber, which the Boston

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lived at the coal pier in the yard and mounted the trestle on the other side of the pier. The small cars stood on the end of the trestle on the other side of the pier, and as the flames ate away at the supports they came down with a crash. The men were in peril if the trestle continued to burn back into the yard, and so men with axes came to the rescue. In spite of the choking smoke, out away some of the men went, and the trestle was cut back from the bulkhead. Then a big chain was fastened to the structure, and a switch loosed the trestle from the pier. The men were then able to pull it to the chain. It was at this juncture that the trestle was cut back from the pier. A trestle was made to tear down that trestle.

Opposite the foot of Seventy-first street were five gondola cars, two being loaded with coal. The men were in peril if the trestle continued to burn back into the yard, and so men with axes came to the rescue. In spite of the choking smoke, out away some of the men went, and the trestle was cut back from the bulkhead. Then a big chain was fastened to the structure, and a switch loosed the trestle from the pier. The men were then able to pull it to the chain. It was at this juncture that the trestle was cut back from the pier. A trestle was made to tear down that trestle.

The loss was not so great as it appeared to be to the thousands of people who gathered along the bluff and in all sorts of boats in the

river beyond the danger line. To watch the spectacle of a river on fire, The freight pile was worth \$50,000. About \$5,000 of merchandise was lost. The rest was damaged. The men who think at the coal pier, and as much more will repair the damage to the bulkhead. The ten cars and two coal dummies that were burned can be replaced and repaired for \$3,500. The rest of the cargo, which was worth \$100,000, perished on the freight pier. The owner of the excursion barge would have been glad to seal her for \$2,000, and so the total loss will not exceed \$66,000. But it will be a long time before the people of Hudson River, who live on the 100th streets, on the west side, will forget the spectacle made by five acres of blazing oil spread out on the Hudson River.

He was struck by our advertising Mercantile Traveler, Arthur Heim, Houston, corner Sprague and Main when he adopted it. "A pleased customer is a good advertisement." He cheerfully returns the money to any dissatisfied advertiser, and his branch has business thoroughly systematized, enabling him to turn out high class advertising at low prices. -d-

Mr. A. L. Smith, 9 West 21st St.
Deafness, catarrh, and diseases of the throat and lungs a specialty. Hours from 9 to 3--4-4c.

For the blood, nerves, and complexion see Carter Iron Pills--4-4c.

SURE IT IS MARY DORMAN.

**TWO SISTERS POSITIVE ABOUT THE
MURDERED GIRL AT RAHWAY.**

**Are They Mistaken?—One of Them Looks
Extraordinarily Like her and Weeps Over
her—An Immigrant Girl From Glasgow.**

Railway was thrown into excitement yesterday by Mrs. Agnes Space of Dockertown, who identified the murdered girl as her sister, Mary Dorman, a Scotch servant, who sailed from Glasgow, N. Y., the morning after the murder. Mrs. Space sobbed over the corpse, and said that she would never believe it was not that of her sister unless she saw her sister alive. Mrs. Space's appearance strengthened belief in her sister's guilt, and the dead girl's face bore a resemblance to the face of the girl who was in the extraordinary. Her forehead in an exact counterpart of that of the corpse. Her hair is of almost the same brown color, and one lock of her hair grows forward in the same fashion as the mane of that of the dead girl. Mrs. Space's identification was accepted for a time as correct, and it was believed that the testimony of other relations would prove beyond doubt that the long-undiscovered girl was Mary Dorman. But there is a strong medical reason for believing that the girl is not the same. Dr. J. S. Harris of 373 East Fourth street, New York,

Mr. Spence, who came to the Morgue several hours after Mrs. Spence had gone away, confided something about Mary to a doctor who was present at the post-mortem examination of the body, which, he said, made it certain the body was not Mary's. All the same Mary's two sisters are unshaken in their belief.

Mrs. Spence arrived at the Morgue at about noon, with Coroner Terrill of Elizabeth. She first saw the clothing of the murdered girl. She said that the greenish-brown skirt with blue chinchilla trimming was Scotch goods, the veil was European, and the gloves she was sure were of Scotch manufacture, because

they find the crown mark. She knew that the parasol came from Scotland, because it was marked Ivanhoe. But what brought her to Rahway was the newspaper report that a scar on one of the legs of the murdered girl had been overlooked by the authorities.

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information was given by her brother-in-law in his letter. She had not seen her sister, she said, in ten years. She believed that Mary might have taken the train to Rahway instead of to Deckertown. The two trains leave Jersey City from the same platform within fifteen

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My mother about the size of a good stout girl, right leg was shown to Mrs. Harris, and she said at once that her sister had no such scar. She had the scar of the kind she described on the other leg, but there is no such scar. Mrs. Harris, however, upon seeing the foot of the corpse, immediately said that it was her sister's foot, and then next she said that her sister had two large front teeth with a space between them. The teeth were examined, and the space was found. She was turned back, and her small, even, and regular teeth were disclosed to Mrs. Harris. Mrs. Harris said that her sister's teeth were not so small, and she was surprised that Mrs. Harris should say that.

"It's Mary's hair," said his mother.

Mrs. Kirkwood will go to Rushway to-day to collect the bones, and she will be back to-morrow, and says he will know in a minute whether it is she or not. He is strongly of the opinion that the bones are hers, and that the woman is Mary's mother, only about 130 pounds in weight.

A Small Girl Accuses a Policeman.

Nine-year-old Katie Pokorny of 3265 North Third avenue accused Policeman Gallagher yesterday of trying to take indecent liberties with her on the evening of April 15. She said she was playing in front of her home when Gallagher got her and the hall agent began his attempt, which was interrupted by someone approaching them. Her cloak was torn. He struggled with her and she was taken to the police station. She told her mother what had happened. Gallagher denied the child's story, which is not credited by the police.

Mayor Howitt's conference vote d yesterday that the Mayor, the Comptroller, and the Commissioner of Public Works ought to be included among the Suburban Commissioners; in favor of the creation of small parks accessible to residents in the most crowded city; and in favor of the Municipal Building bill. The conference also took up the question of the proposed transfer of the Transit Company. A majority expressed the opinion that there was necessity for an elevated railroad in Brooklyn, and that the bill should be passed. A protest to be sent to the Legislature against the bill.

The Boucicault Divorce Case.
The latest feature of the suit of Arthur Robert Boucicault against Dion Boucicault, for divorce, is the taking of the testimony of Robert Gani, who for several years the secretary of the actor, before John Channell, a referee. Mr Gani's testimony is favorable to Mrs Boucicault and concerns what he observed in M Boucicault's household in London.

Fifth's Dive Mailed.
By order of Mayor Hewitt the Oak and Chestnut Place raised the five feet high from the station and

Discipline in the Heanawahaka.

Five of the most active members of the Seawanhaka Boat Club, foot of South Third street, Willametteburg, have been suspended from membership for violating a gathering of sports in the club house to win an prize for the night between two Willametteburg featherweights.

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A MILE OF WATER FRONT.**

**A Standard Oil Pipe Bursts Under Water
Between Here and Jersey—Two New
York Central Railroad Piers Burned.**

The switchmen who went to work yesterday in the big freight yards of the Hudson River Railroad, which extend from the foot of West Street to the foot of Second Street, kept their noses in the air with the best of men who smelled something that was disagreeable. The water along the bulkheads between the piers below Seventy-second street was rapidly becoming covered with a scum which some of the men recognized as crude petroleum. Beyond casual observations that the water was "off" and that it was not safe to enter the Hudson at the ferry village of Shady Side and run diagonally down until it enters the railroad yard below Seventy-second street, on its way over to Hunter's Point, had sprung a leak, no attention was paid to the gathering oil. The leak was probably pretty well out in the river, but a gentle west wind had blown the oil down to the bulkhead against the eastern shore where

The waves washed it up on the timbers that form the long bulkhead.

Opposite the foot of Seventeenth street was a little short pier with a trestle on it by which the tug came to its coal. It was the most important further down the river, the most important of the company's big freight piers, distinguished by the letter G. runs out 300 feet into the river. In the bay between these two piers the tug gathered thicker than elsewhere.

The tug was three coal barges, the coal pier was two loaded on discharging, and at the bulkhead between the piers were a number of lighters and floats.

Shortly after 10 o'clock the tug C. F. Starin came ploughing the oil and water between the pier, and, trying to the open barge Sydman, she struck her bow against the side of the coal pier, so that a loaded boat could take her berth and discharge. Near the end of the coal pier the propeller of the tug sent the thick mass of water whirling off in little circles into the clean water beyond. Brakeman William Dyvane and engineer John Anderson were on the tug watching the evolutions of Capt. Joseph Andrews. When they saw the tug strike the deck hand on the barge shot something to Andrews, and then one of those little rings of oil came from the stern of the barge with a cone of flame rising two feet from its centre. Some one in the tug called out "Fire!" and a cool crew of six men of tobacco.

A man came frantic right away to report he had seen oil fire before, but Capt. Andrews determined to rescue some other barges

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on any except the Sydam. There was blazing oil at the water line of each of them, but the clear water beyond soon washed that off, except on the Sydam, which being an oil transport, was soaked with the stuff, and was badly burned near the stern.

Two other vessels, the sloop lighter *Adeline* and the barge *Baltimore*, remained at the bulkhead, but a passing tug ploughed in through the line of barges, and the *Adeline* was blown over, and soon towed toward the pier. The cargo of fertilizers in bags on the *Adeline* was probably ruined.

When the men on shore had enough to occupy their attention without stopping to look out at the vessels, The thick oil had been seen, and the men on the pier and the men on the freight pier. Almost before the men knew what had happened the piles that formed both piers were roaring masses of flames, and the water was thrown through the crevices of the planks. On the freight pier, a structure 300 by 60 feet, with a corrugated iron-covered two-story shed, with

cellaneous freight, bound west, and the rest empty. There were also odds and ends of merchandise ready to load. Superintendent Haskell got an engine hitched to the loaded cars and they were dragged out, with the flames from below firing the grease that dripped from their axle boxes. The fire had spread so rapidly that it was a close call even for the

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rived at the coal pier the fire had mounted the big trestle used in handling the coal. Two small cars stood on the end of the trestle over the pier, and as the flames ate away the supports they came down with a crash. A thousand tons of coal were

in peril if the trestle continued to burn back into the yard, and so men with axes came and cut down the timbers that supported the track a few feet back from the bulkhead. Then a big chain was fastened to the structure, and a switch locomotive pulled it back to the yard. It was then that the Havermayr arrived. No further attempt was made to tear down that trestle.

Opposite the foot of Seventy-third street were a few old, one-story houses, and a small nut house. The Havermayr attended to those structures after she came, but meantime the wooden building was burning furiously. Together with the nut house, a big pile of building, besides two substantial piers, was burned over. The fire would

in peril if the trestle continued to burn back into the yard, and so men with axes came and cut down the timbers that supported the track a few feet back from the bulkhead. Then a big chain was fastened to the structure, and a switch locomotive pulled it back to the yard. It was then that the Havermayr arrived. No further attempt was made to tear down that trestle.

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The loss was not so great, for it appeared to be a small boat and several men gathered along the bluff and in all sorts of boats in the river beyond the danger line, to watch the spectacle of a river on fire. The freight pile was worth \$50,000. About \$5,000 will repair things at the coal pier, and as much more will repair the damage to the bulkhead. The ten cars and two coal chutes which were burned and damaged and repaired for \$5,500, and not more than \$5,000 worth of merchandise perished on the freight pier. The owner of the

excursion barge would have been glad to sell her for \$2,000, and so the total loss will not exceed \$68,000. But it will be a long time before the people living between Fifty-ninth and 100th streets, on the west side, will forget the spectacle made by five acres of blazing oil spread out on the Hudson River.